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Main Street,

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AMERICA'S UNREST.
 A coal strike has been in progress for months and a strike of the railroad shopmen became effective on July 1. These are only two of the evidences of the unrest in America. Business is stagnant and labor is restive, and there seems to be an unusual amount of discontent and unrest among the people.

While it would be hard to get at the direct cause of this unrest, or rather causes, it is easy to see that the main thing is the paralysis of business due to the unsettled affairs of Europe.

It might be that the stabilizing of European affairs would not remove the discontent, it would certainly allay it, and in this we see the blunder that was made in keeping aloof from participating in the peace affairs of that country after the war.

Mr. Lodge and his partisans kept us out of the League of Nations, prevented the early readjustment of the affairs of Europe after peace, and have thereby caused a stagnation of business at home, and with that comes the inevitable unrest and discontent. In such times the propaganda of the Bolshevik finds its most fertile soil.

The bolsheviks of labor and the bolsheviks of capital must learn that justice to all is the only safe theory upon which to plan their action. And America must learn that it can not safely dodge its mission in the settlement of the affairs of the old world.

WHY STOP NOW?

After the fight is practically won we should not lie down in regard to the normal school. There yet remains to us putting the subscriptions to the \$100,000 fund in a shape that it will be acceptable to the Commission, or rather to the banks who must handle it.

All those who have subscribed to the fund should execute a note that will be acceptable to the banks, or put up the money if they prefer, so that it will be available to the Commission decides to locate the school here. Certainly they will not locate it here until the matter of the subscription is put in an acceptable form. And we have only a short while to do this, as the Commission will probably visit us within a few days.

Let's not let all our fine work of the past in the matter fail because of a final formality.

"Let's go!"

THE ROAD AGAIN.

The Highway Commission has notified the county authorities here that just as soon as the Federal authorities have approved the survey made on the road from Index to the Menefee county line that forms for the right-of-way will be furnished. It is regrettable that some of the land owners are seeking to charge exorbitant prices for the land for the right-of-way, and do not see the advantages the road will be to them. If condemnation proceedings must be resorted to juries will have the right to take into consideration the benefits to be derived from the road, and it is hardly likely that a jury of progressive citizens will allow land owners to hold up the county for high prices of right-of-way.

Get the road spirit and do the right thing.

THE AUTOMOBILE TAGEDY.

The automobile accident in which our townsman, Mr. W. C. Lacy, lost his life near Lexington, was a shock to the citizens here at Mr. Lacy's home.

The exact truth of the cause of the accident will probably never be known, but there is a statement in the daily papers of Monday, given out by Mr. Elvin Lindon, that all the citizens of West Liberty know is not a fact Mr. Lacy owned a car, but never attempted to drive it, and it was a well known fact that he was abnormally afraid of automobiles.

With both of the other occupants of the car dead it might be easy for Mr. Lindon to escape the blame were it not for the universal knowledge of all who knew Mr. Lacy that he would never attempt to drive a car.

JUST A SUGGESTION.

The prohibition officers of Lexington and other central Kentucky towns might aid some if they would keep a line on certain ex-mountain men who are all-ged to be bootlegging and ropping in men who come to those cities from the mountains. It is not often that a man reared in the mountains takes to slick schemes to trap the unwary, in fact some of the most substantial and progressive citizens of the blue grass are men who were reared in the mountains. But unfortunately there are a few who use their residence in the above cities to trap the unwary "friend" from his homeland.

The fire Friday night emphasizes the fact that the chemical engine should be kept in readiness at all times. Only the heroic efforts of the bucket brigade saved us a disastrous fire. That only the barn of Dr. Burton was burned speaks well for the efforts of the citizens as there was a high wind and everything looked bad for awhile. We need the chemical engine kept in shape and need a few drills for a voluntary fire company.

The "magnificent achievements" of the present natinoal administration do not appear so magnificent to the voters in the several states where they have had an opportunity to express themselves at the polls. Still, nothing less than a complete drubbing will open the eyes of the reactionaries to the fact that Mr. Harding's administration is exceedingly unpopular.

The Fordney-McCumber tariff bill is so raw that the Republicans are not willing to risk an election on it, and it is to be laid over till after the election. Evidently the tariff framers thought that the people would welcome the new tariff with the glad cry: "Come and Rob Us."

The INDIAN DRUM
 William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer
 Illustrations by Irwin Myers
 Copyright by Edwin Balmer

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Wealthy and highly placed in the Chicago business world, Benjamin Corvet is something of a reclusive and a mystery to his associates. After a stormy interview with his partner, Henry Spearman, Corvet seeks assistance from his daughter, Sherill, a business partner, Lawrence Sherill, and a surgeon from her, a promise that Sherill leaves Corvet to his own devices. Sherill leaves Corvet to his own devices. Sherill leaves Corvet to his own devices.

CHAPTER II.—Corvet's letter summons Conrad, a youth of unknown parentage, to Chicago.

CHAPTER III.—From a statement of Sherill it seems probable that Corvet's illegitimate son, Corvet has decided his house and its contents to Ash.

CHAPTER IV.—Alan takes possession of the new home.

CHAPTER V.—That night Alan discovers a man ransacking the desks and bureau drawers in Corvet's apartments. The apple of Alan's eye, the intruder, who appears to think him a ghost and raves of "the Miwaka." After a struggle the man escapes.

CHAPTER VI.—Next day Alan learns from Sherill that Corvet has decided his entire property to him. Introduced to Spearman, Alan is astounded at the discovery that he is the man whom he had found in his house the night before.

CHAPTER VII.—Alan tells no one of his strange encounter, but in a private interview tells Spearman with the fact. Spearman laughs at it and denies him.

CHAPTER VIII.—Corvet's Indian servant, Wassaquan, tells Alan the legend of the Indian Drum, which according to old superstition beats once for every life lost on the Great Lakes. Twenty years before, the great freighter Miwaka had gone down with twenty-five on board. But the Drum had sounded for only twenty-four, leaving the inference that one person had been saved. This was general belief that the drum never errs. Pursuing a stranger who had made a disturbance in his house, Alan is slugged and rendered unconscious.

CHAPTER IX.—Conrad recovers, and the affair remains a mystery.

CHAPTER X.—Alan learns from Wassaquan that it was Corvet's habit to keep the sum of \$100,000 in a safe to meet the demands of a certain "Luke," who appeared periodically in the absence of Wassaquan. "Luke" came to the house demanding to see Corvet. He is evidently in a dying condition, due to alcohol and exposure. Conrad tries without avail to get him to explain his coming with the money. He is refused. Wassaquan gives Conrad a paper on which is a list of names.

CHAPTER XI.—Constance receives a package wrapped in a muffler which she recognizes Corvet's wife wearing the day he went away. It contains a few coins, a watch, and woman's wedding ring. She believes it to be the property of Corvet, and accepts them as proof of his return. She consents to marry him, but he refuses to marry her in a private ceremony.

CHAPTER XII.—Working on a lake freighter, Alan becomes acquainted with an elderly man known to him as "Bur," who seems to be possessed of information which Alan believes would be known to Corvet.

CHAPTER XIII.—Alan secures a position on the freighter of which "Bur" is the captain. He is satisfied he has found the man he was looking for. "Bur," at the wheel of the freighter, apparently in dementia, refuses to obey Alan's commands. He is thrown overboard, and the ship collides with a derelict. In almost instant collision they are wrecked. The loaded freight car which the vessel is carrying breaks loose.

CHAPTER XIV.—Corvet recovers his reason and leads in the work of the day he went away. He and Alan are pinned under the debris. Alan discovers his identity as "Bur" and that Spearman had killed his father. Alan is rescued, but it is impossible to save Corvet. A priest comes to the boat, is summoned, and Alan leaves them in conversation.

"I rang for the engine to be slowed, and I left the wheel and went aft; some struggle was going on at the stern of the tug; a flash came from there and the crashing of a shot. Suddenly all was light about me as, aware of the breaking of the hull and alarmed by the shot, the searchlight of the Miwaka turned upon the tug. The cut end of the hull was still upon the tug, and Spearman had been trying to clear this when Stafford attacked him; they fought, and Stafford struck Spearman down. He turned and cried out against me—accusing me of having ordered Spearman to cut the line. He held up the cut end toward Randall on the Miwaka and cried out to him and showed by pointing that it had been cut. Blood was running from the hand with which he pointed, for he had been shot by Spearman; and now again a second and a third time, from where he lay upon the deck, Spearman fired. The second of those shots killed the engineer, who had rushed out where I was on the deck; the third shot went through Stafford's head. The Miwaka was drifting down upon the reef; her whistle sounded again and again the four long blasts. The fireman, who had followed the engineer up from below, fainted on me! I was safe for all him, he said; I could trust Luke—Luke would not tell! He too thought I had ordered the doing of that thing!"

"From the Miwaka, Randall yelled curses at me, threatening me for what he thought that I had done! I looked at Spearman as he got up from the deck, and I read the thought that had been in him; he had believed that he could cut the hull in the dark, none seeing, and that our word that it had been broken would have as much strength as any accusation Stafford could make. He had known that to share a secret such as that with me would 'make' him on the lakes; for the loss of the Miwaka would cripple Stafford and Randall and strengthen me; and he could make me share with him whatever I made. But Stafford had surprised him at the hull and had seen."

"I moved to denounce him, Father, as I realized this; I moved—but stopped. He had made himself safe against accusation by me! None could ever would believe that he had done this except by my order, if he should claim that; and he made plain that he was going to claim that. He called me a fool and defied me. Luke—even my own man, the only one left on the tug with us—believed it! And there was murder in it now, with Stafford dying there upon the deck and with the certainty that all those on the Miwaka could not be saved. I felt the noose as if it had been already tied about my neck! And I had done no wrong, Father! I had only thought wrong!"

"So long as one lived among those on the Miwaka who had seen what was done, I knew I would be hanged; yet I would have saved them if I could. But, in my comprehension of what this meant, I only stared at Stafford where he lay and then at Spearman, and I let him get control of the tug. The tug, whose wheel I had lashed, heading her into the waves, had been moving slowly. Spearman pushed me aside and went to the wheelhouse; he sent Luke to the engines, and from that moment Luke was his. He turned the tug about to where we still saw the lights of the Miwaka. The steamer had struck upon the reef; she hung there for a time; and Spearman—he had the wheel and Luke, at his orders, was at the engine—held the tug off and we went slowly to and fro until the Miwaka slipped off and sank. Some had gone down with her, no doubt; but two boats had got off, carrying lights. They saw the tug approaching and cried out and stretched their hands to us; but Spearman stopped the tug. They rowed toward us then, but when they got near, Spearman moved the tug away from them, and then again stopped. They cried out again and rowed toward us; again he moved the tug away, and then they understood and stopped rowing and cried curses at us. One boat soon drifted far away; we knew of its existence by the extinguishing of its light. The other capsized near to where we were. These in it who had no lifebelts and could not swim, sunk first. Some could swim and, for a while they fought the waves."

Alan, as he listened, ceased consciously to separate the priest's voice from the sensations running through him. His father was Stafford, dying at Corvet's feet while Corvet watched the death of the crew of the Miwaka; Alan himself, a child, was floating with a lifebelt among those struggling in the water whom Spearman and Corvet were watching die. Memory; was it that which now had come to him? No; rather it was a realization of all the truths which the priest's words were bringing together and arranging rightly for him.

Alan's father died in the morning. All day they stayed out in the storm, avoiding vessels. They dared not throw Stafford's body overboard or that of the engineer, because, if found, the bullet holes would have aroused inquiry. When night came again, they had taken the two ashore at some wild spot and buried them; to make identification harder, they had taken the things that they had with them and buried them somewhere else. The child—Alan—Corvet had smuggled ashore and sent away; he had told Spearman later that the child had died.

"Peace—rest!" Father Perron said in a deep voice. "Peace to the dead!" But for the living there had been no peace. Spearman had forced Corvet to make him his partner; Corvet had tried to take up his life again, but had not been able. His wife, aware that something was wrong with him, had learned enough so that she had left him. Luke had come and come and come again for blackmail, and Corvet had paid him. Corvet grew rich; those connected with him prospered; but with Corvet lived always the ghosts of those he had watched die with the Miwaka—of those who would have prospered with Stafford except for what had been done. Corvet had secretly sought and followed the fate of the kin of those people who had been murdered to benefit him; he found some of their families destroyed; he found almost all poor and struggling. And though Corvet paid Luke to keep the crime from disclosure, yet Corvet swore to himself to confess it all and make such restitution as he could. But each time that the day he had appointed with himself arrived, he put it off and off and paid Luke again and again. Spearman knew of his intention and sometimes kept him from it. But Corvet had made one close friend; and when that friend's daughter, for whom Corvet cared now most of all in the world, had been about to marry Spearman, Corvet defied the cost to himself, and he gained strength to oppose Spearman. So he had written to Stafford's son to come; he had prepared for confession and restitution; but, after he had done this and while he waited, something had seemed to break in his brain; too long preyed upon by terrible memories, and the ghosts of those who had gone, and by the echo of their voices crying to him from the water, Corvet had wandered away; he had come back, under the name of one of those whom he had wronged, to the lake life from which he had sprung. Only now and then, for a few hours, he had intervals when he had dug up the watch and the ring and other things which he had taken from Captain Stafford's pockets and written to himself directions of what to do with them, when his mind again failed.

And for Spearman, strong against all that assailed Corvet, there had been always the terror of the Indian Drum—the Drum which had beat short for

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to announce
H. C. DUFFY,
 of Harrison county, as a candidate for Representative in Congress, from the Ninth Congressional district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
W. J. FIELDS,
 of Carter county, as a candidate for Representative in Congress from the Ninth Congressional district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
W. T. COLE,
 of Greenup county, as a candidate for Representative in Congress, from the Ninth Congressional district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FLOYD ARNETT
 ATTORNEY AT LAW
 Office over Commercial Bank
 West Liberty, Ky.

The Miwaka, the Drum which had known that one was saved! That story came from some hint which Luke had spread, Corvet thought; but Spearman, born near by the Drum, believed that the Drum had known and that the Drum had tried to tell; all through the years Spearman had dreaded the Drum which had tried to betray him. "So it was by the Drum that, in the end, Spearman was broken."

The priest's voice had stopped, as Alan slowly realized; he heard Sherill's voice speaking to him. "It was a trust that he left you, Alan; I thought it must be that—a trust for those who suffered by the loss of your father's ship. I don't know yet how it can be fulfilled; and we must think of that."

"That's how I understand it," Alan said. Through the tumult in his soul he became aware of physical feelings again, and of Sherill's hand put upon his shoulder in a cordial, friendly grasp. Then another hand, small and firm, touched his, and he felt its warm tightening grasp upon his fingers; he looked up, and his eyes filled and hers, he saw, were brimming too.

They walked together, later in the day, up the hill to the small, white house which had been Caleb Stafford's. The woman who had come to the door was willing to show them through the house; it had only five rooms. One of those upon the second floor was so much larger and pleasanter than the rest that they became quite sure that it was the one in which Alan had been born, and where his young mother soon afterward had died. The woman, who had showed them about, had gone to another room and left them alone.

"There seems to have been no picture of her and nothing of hers left here that any one can tell me about; but," Alan choked, "it's good to be able to think of her as I can now."

"I mean—no one can say anything against her now!"

Alan drew nearer her, trembling. "I can never thank you—I can never tell you what you did for me, believe."



"Constance!" He Caught Her. She Let Him Hold Her.

ing in—her and in me, no matter how things looked. And then, coming up here as you did—for me!"

"Yes, it was for you, Alan!"

"Constance!" He caught her. She let him hold her. The woman was returning to them now and, perhaps, it was as well; for not yet, he knew, could he ask her what she had done; what had happened was too recent yet for that. But to him, Spearman—half mad and fleeing from the haunts of men—was beginning to be like one who had never been; and he knew she shared this feeling. The light in her deep eyes was telling him already what her answer to him would be; and life stretched forth before him full of love and happiness and hope.

[THE END]

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 T. J. Elam, Vice President. Elsie Arnett, Ass't Cashier.

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1920
 SOUTH BOUND NORTH BOUND

19	17	16	15	14	20
Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Sunday	Daily
Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Only	Only
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
1:35	7:00	6:50	1:30	1:20	
1:35	7:11	6:40	1:30	1:20	
1:51	7:19	6:52	1:32	1:32	
1:55	7:23	6:58	12:58	12:58	
2:10	7:35	6:15	12:45	12:45	
2:15	7:40	6:10	12:20	12:20	6:10
2:35	8:00		12:03		5:54
2:41	8:06		11:57		5:48
3:09	8:34		11:20		5:20
3:15	8:40		11:23		5:14
3:35	9:00				